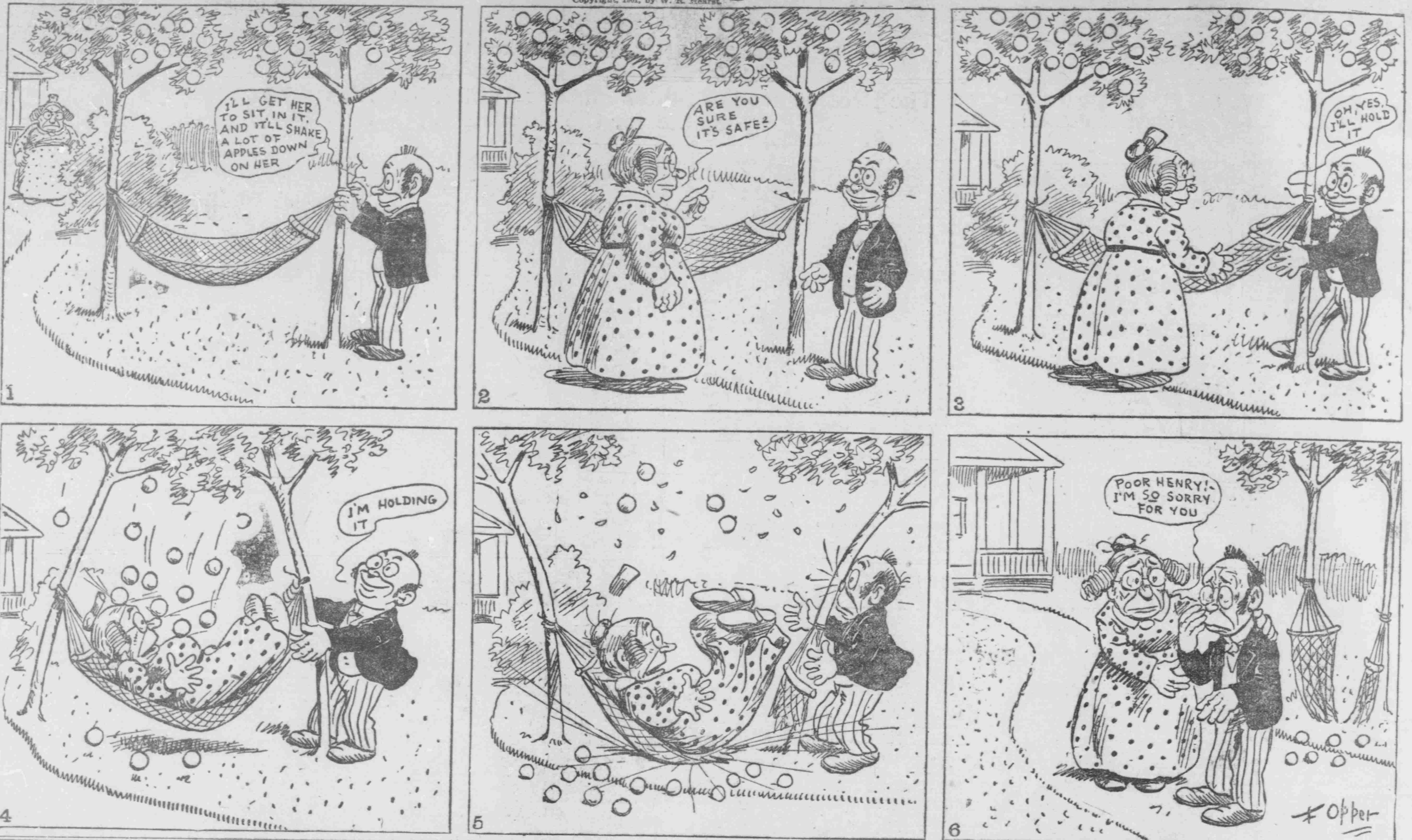


Mr. Henry Peck Plays Another Rattling Good Joke on His Wife's Mother.

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NONE BUT THE BRAVE

BURTIS DUNHAM

No black coat wears my sturdy love

(No carpet knight is he),
No sun can harm his bowery arm,
His great brown throat is free—As the admiral's daughter sang, softly
as though to herself, her gaze rested
on the semi-circle of smoke-begrimedbattlements at anchor in the harbor.
One showed off the jagged stump of
a mast, the forward smokestack ofanother had been shot completely
away. The bridge of the flagship was
a tangled mass of splinters and twistedmetal. It was on the flagship particu-
larly that the gaze of the admiral's
daughter rested—and her thoughtswere on the ten long steel fingers
pointing directly at her from the for-
ward turret, and on their master, Gun-ner Thorpe, her only final fierce
struggle out at sea which had meant
victory. The admiral's daughter wasgowned in white, and her coil of dark
hair was adorned with a single red
rose. Her arms, bare to the elbowsrested on the top of the low sea wall,
boundary of the admiral's lawn. It
was growing dark and up the slope

where was my handkerchief while your

ship was in the thick of battle?"

"Oh, I thank you, Mr. Thorpe. Oh,
never before was trifle belonging to a
woman so emboldened!"Then, impulsively, she touched the
edge of lace to her lips and held it out
to him."Will you receive it back from me
to carry in future battles, as a token
I did not drop it in your turret; I left
it there purposely."She saw the gunner's face grow pale
as he drew away from her, interrupt-
ing almost sternly:

a paper from her bosom and held it

out to him, saying:
"Ensign Thorpe, the admiral bade me
deliver to you your commission."He took the paper and dropped on
his knees, seizing her hand and kissing
it fervently. She laughed softly and
bade him rise."Come," she said, "the admiral and
his guests await us."As they walked slowly toward the
glow of the lanterns and the sound of
the music, she stopped and said, with
a look in her eyes that cleared up all
the future for him:"You are a good fighter—congress has
declared it; but you're not brave—oh,
no, you're not!"Ensign Thorpe proved his bravery by
taking the admiral's daughter in his
arms and stopping her lips with the
pressure of his own.

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Mr. Astor's Parsimony.
(Philadelphia North American Cable.)London.—There is a hitch in the ar-
rangements for the marriage of Miss
Astor to the Duke of Roxburgh,
owing to the closeness in money mat-
ters which Londoners have long asso-
ciated with Mr. William Waldorf Astor.The reason is that the duke objects
to the stringency of the marriage set-
tlements, as arranged by Mr. Astor.He considers this stringency offensive
to his personal dignity and social pos-
ition.By the terms of this settlement there
would be the same supervision over
Miss Astor's wealth as there now ex-
ists in the case of Consuelo, Duchess
of Marlborough, and which is well
known to be a thorn in the side of the
latter's husband.The Duke of Roxburgh belongs to the
old Kentish family of the Kers, and his
pride of birth is at least equal to Mr.
Astor's pride of dollars. The Kers re-
ceived the barony of Auld Roxburgh in
1452.Embroidered Linen For Gowns.
(New York Sun.)Embroidered linen forms the very
smartest morning gown worn at the fas-
hionable summer resort, and it may be
pink, pale blue or green, yet white is
the most popular color.The hem extending up nearly to the waist-
line is one form of skirt trimm-
ing, especially in white, and the waist-
line is embroidered with a delicate
white line. The bodice is a blouse worn
with a thin batiste waist.One of the yellow brown shades of
linen is very popular because it is so
becoming, and it is embroidered either in
white or brown of a darker tint. Gray
linen, trimmed with white, and white
stitching are very good styles. The
face is not too elegant to trim these
morning gowns. Bruges and Irish linen
are both being very effectively used.Bugler Dunn, Hero of Tugela, Injured.
(Philadelphia North American.)Cape Town.—While practicing at the
Greenpoint camp for the reception to the
Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York,
Bugler Dunn met with an accident. His
right leg, while sounding his orders. He
was one of the first across the Tugela after
sounding the order to advance.Dunn is the 15-year-old bugler of the
First Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was
wounded three times at the battle of Co-
lenso while sounding his orders. He was
one of the first across the Tugela after
sounding the order to advance.When he returned to England to recu-
perate Queen Victoria presented him with
a silver mounted bugle. He was after-
ward sent back to South Africa at his
own request. He spent some time in
Netley hospital, where he was visited by
several members of the royal family.It Fitted In.
(Current Literature.)The late Father Pett was one of the
best known priests in the Milwaukee dioc-
ese. It may well be said that he was a
fine representative of the pioneer priest.With a wide experience and an appreci-
ation of the human situation, many
interesting stories are told of him.On one occasion he was preaching in St.
Basil's church, Madison, of which he
was pastor. It was a fine summer day
and the windows were open. In an ad-
joining vacant lot a number of boys were
playing a game of baseball.Father Pett's sermon was on heaven
and the means of reaching there. He
had just come to the end of a passage—
"How, then, shall we reach heaven?" he
asked, and paused in a solemn manner.Just then came floating through the
church window in a high-keyed voice:
"Slide like the devil, slide."It was one of the baseball players
coaching a base runner.Brevity Chaf.
(Detroit Free Press.)"Our church is to have a conundrum
supper tomorrow night," said Mrs.
Fisher."Hasn't he served, I suppose," added
Mr. Frisbie.

"It is beautiful," he muttered, "mag-

HER RIGHT TO EXIST

BY GEORGE K. STILES.

It was still light in the faubourgs,
but in the Rue Brise-Miche there were
no spreading boughs through which
the sun rays could pour a strong ef-fulgence, which was to die out in rivu-
lets of light as evening advanced.Enclosed between two immense
walls, black, filthy and discolored, a
current of light and fresh air was al-ways prevented, and in the damp,
stagnant air the kind of ob-
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scure, gloomy kind of ob-nificant! She is seated on that old
box, and the money slips through her
fingers onto the table.The sound of two drunkards ap-
proaching caused the man at the win-
dow to withdraw rapidly, but as he
vanished into the Rue de Prince his
eyes glistened with the water of emo-tion and his troubled heart released a
sigh.Now, it was a year after the de-
spendent ways through the Rue Brise-
Miche that Aubrey Dupre gained ad-
mittance to the Salon, after ten yearsof wearing shoes without stockings.
His picture was well hung, and the
crowd before the picture. After he
glanced at the old hut, with the soli-tary woman at the table, he did not
search wearily in his catalogue, but
pressed closer to the guard-ropes."Eureka!" he exclaimed. "This is a
picture, for it means something to me—
those worn hands, the despondenthead and the relaxed muscles wearied
with life's effort."The money king offered the artist
50,000 francs for the picture "that
meant something," and then he
deposited his money, returned to his
apartment where he had found AubreyDupre. Then his face softened won-
derfully."Ah," said the man of power, "you
learned to paint that picture in this
place. I am glad to have met you,"
and he departed. But the artist, afterdeposited his money, returned to his
lodging, and presently he thought of
the old woman who had lived the pic-
ture which had so stirred the Paris-ians and who had stirred the Paris-
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etc., will be sent free on application.

D. R. ALLEN, Secretary.

Patent Medicine Quadrille Is Off.

(New York Journal.)

Mrs. Ollie Belmont has abandoned the
idea of a patent medicine quadrille. The
arrangements have been withdrawn and all
the arrangements in connection therewith
canceled. It is all the fault of the pro-prietors, inventors and agents of the va-
rious patent medicines and nostrums now
in the market, who saw in the entertain-
ment a unique opportunity for advertising
their wares.They overhauled not only Mrs. Bel-
mont but also her friends with letters,
telegram and even personal calls, offer-
ing not only to design the costumesthat might be worn to represent their
particular remedy, but even to defray all
the expenses, even going to thelength of offering bribes if their proposals
were accepted.Every mail came laden with sugges-
tions from manufacturers and advertising
agents of medicines both of established
reputation, and likewise of more ques-tionable character, until finally Mrs. Bel-
mont, after consultations with her friends
decided to abandon the whole affair. She
will give instead a dinner party on Fri-day night, and will take her guests to
afterward to Mrs. Fish's vaudeville at
the "Crossways."Unpleasant to Think Of.
"Harriet, if we don't have rain soon
the corn crop will be ruined.""O Harry, how dreadful! you know
we hate canned corn."

Industrial Note.

(Pittsburg Times.)

The governor of Georgia has made the
valuable discovery that a cow will keep
down grass as well as a lawn mower,
and that she will do the work without the
expense of hiring a man to push her.Having put this plan into opera-
tion, he has found that the cow will
turn out an object lesson that is likely
to be ruinous to the lawn mower industry.

Or Try Money.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"What is the remedy for poverty?" de-
manded the lecturer in thundering tones.
He paused for a reply, and during the
pause a man in the rear of the hall
called out: "You might try the gold

coin."

"It is beautiful," he muttered, "mag-